

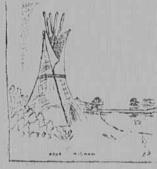
WALTER POLKLINGTON.



LAIR AMY H. PANNILL.



WILLIE E. CHADWICK.







NELLIE & COLLINS



KENT HOW YED.



LOTTIE DICKENSON.



WHEELER SEWARD





## EDITORIAL AND LITERARY

SCHOOLS DUMAN.

Read the Rules Carefully

The Forest of Part and Associated from some of the control of the con

Dean Editor - i have been very interested in the paper, looking at the pictures and studies, and would like to join. I am ending you a little picture which I would like to see in the paper.

Frederick's Hall, Va. MARY COOKE.

ympathy for the Sick.

Sympathy for the Sick.

Dear Editor Enclosed you will find a drawing, which I supplose is too area to be published, also a story about milk, which I hope will be printed. I was very solry to near of you being sick, also one of the Chadwick girls. Lottle Dickenson, it me congestione for being a prize winner I will now close. Your member.

EDITH ALLEN,

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T BURNSTE, XX.

Thinks Page Improving.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Florence Collins, 2322 West Grace
Street, city.
Miss Marguerite Broadrup, Lorraine, Va.
Miss Edith Allen, 223552 Venable Street,

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

There's Page Improving

There'

At S P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-land afar
The summons clear falls on the ea"All aboard for the sleeping car

But what is the fare to Poppy-land. I hope it is not too dear: The fare is this, a hug and a kies, And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took On His knee in kindness great "Take charge I pray, of the trains each day That leave at 6 and 8.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus 1 pray "For to me they are very dear. And special ward, O gracious Lord, O'er the centle engineer." Reyaville Va. RACHEL RUDD.

A TRUE PRIEND.

In a little village on the outskirts of Arkansas, there lived a lord He was a kind man, and everybody loved him. But the one who loved him most was his son, will, two years oid. He had a nice dog, who protected will. Everywhere Will went Sport (that was the dogs name) one day Will fell down a well, and Sport pulled at the child's clothes to get it out of the well. At last he got Will out He was so exhausted



HELEN BROADREP.



My mother says that like that chain My life should ever be. Each day a pearl to stand spart In flawless purity Dumbarton, Va.

"MOTHER MINE.

I love each furrow in thy face,
The silver in thy hair
There's naught but beauty I can trace,
There's none one half so fair.
The love shines out from those dear

How well I know the sign
of kindness sweetness all that's good.

Dear mother, mother mine.

You nursed me through my infant years.
You loved me as a child.
You shared with me my hopes and fears.
With counsels good and mild.
And when my erring footstens strayed.
How sad that heart of thine.
You loved me better than before.
Dear mother, mother mine.

And now, when those dear eyes grow dim.

And pain clouds that dear face. The love that you still hear for him Who ofttimes fell from grace. Will yet hear fruit a hundredfold in love, dear heart like thine.

More preclous far than virgin gold.

Dear mother, mother mine.

Selected by GUSSIE WIEBKE.

Highland Springs, Va.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

We went in to dinner, and my! what a feast we did have. After dinner all the children went wading and had a fine time.

Joe took his fishing line, and while we were wading he fished and caught some perch and a few other kinds of fish.

Late in the evening we made a fre and cooked our she and balted some potatoes. Joe brought along. We also picked and ate some huckleberries. When it commenced to got dark we went to the house and found mother and father waiting for us to go home. We asked Belle to go home with us, and she said she would. So thus ended a happy day spent in the country.

MARGARET E. MASON.

THE GUARD.

Oh, little bird, thy faithful watch is worthy of my praise.
And so to thee I will dictate.
The burden of my lays.

Your wee, brown mate upon her next In peace she doth reside. Because she knows thou watchest e'er And for her, brood will provide. And from thy guard, on little friend,
A lesson we should carry
That which you do, do it well,
And when duty calls never tarry.
Composed by
KITTY 3. YAUGHAN

## Puzzle Department

Answers to Three Clowns Puzzle.
Turn clown No. 6 upside down making 8, 2, 1 into 9 1 ALAVIN HATTCRF.
420 1-2 South Pine Street, Rt. 2d

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle.

Charlotte
Montgomery,
Des Moines,
James River,
EDNA MAY WILKINSON,
Tettington, Va

HOW TOG GET RID OF MOSQUITOES

Clean out every place where water stands. So dispose of oil tin cans, bottles or what not that rain cannot possibly be retained. Watch your roof gutters. Empty your rain harrel of water every week or screen it closely with fine meshed wire on top. Change the water every day in a drinking pan for dog or cat. Watch the watering trough near your stable. Fill a hole in a tree with soil packed tight or with cement. In other words, get rid of, or coat with kerosene, all stagnant, standing water, and you will get rid of them. If you have a playing fountain, put little fish like minnows or golddish in the water, and they will eat the mosquito larvae.

Composed by

BIRDIT S. JONES,

Buffalo Lithla Springs, Va.

Buffalo Lithla Springs, Va.

The Horse and The Umbrella.

Betty was the name of a horse who happened to be afraid of an open umbrella. Her master tried to think of some way to get her over her fear. She was very fond of potatoes. He went into her stall carrying an umbrella closed with a potato on the tip. At first she shied away from it and finally came nearer looked at it and finally snatched it eff. The next day he did the same thing. She fook the potato with less fear. So he kept on, and in a few days he opened the umbrella a little way, then more and more as she grew used to it, until she would stand still with it over her head. The first rainy day he tried driving out—he soon met an opened the umbrella, instead of shving, she foilowed, it, hoping she would find a potato.

ELIZABETH LINCOLN. ELIZABETH LINCOLN. 2500 E. Clay St., city.

THE MOON.

The moon has a face like a clock in the hall,
She shines on thieves on the garden wall.
On streets and field and harbor quays, And birdies asleep in the fork of the trees.

ETHEL G. BOLLING ETHEL G. BOLLING



MARGUERITE BROADRUP.



LYRA V. RANSON





MARY NEWMAN.





MARY E. PANNILL.







HELEN BROADBUP,